THE

MUSIC SPEECH

AT THE

Public Commencement

In *Cambridge*, July 6, 1730.

[*Price Six Pence.*]

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CAMBRIDGE,

July 6, MDCCXXX.

To which is added,

An ODE designed to have been set to MUSIC on that Occasion.

By *JOHN TAYLOR*, M.A. Fellow of St. *John's* College.

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM BOWYER, Jun. Sometime Student of the same College;

And sold by W. THURLBOURN in *Cambridge*, R. CLEMENTS in *Oxford*, and the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*. MDCCXXX.

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And sold by W. [illegible] and T. [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible].

DIGNISSIME Dne Dne PROCANCELLARIE,

NOBILISSIMA FREQUENTIA,

VENERANDA CAPITA,

DIGNISSIMI DOCTORES,

CORONA HOSPITUM JUCUNDISSIMA,

VIRI SPECTATISSIMI,

JUVENTUS ACADEMICA,

SI, quod mihi in animo vehementer exoptandum ſemper judicavi, ullum unquam extaret tempus, ubi mea vox & oratio, non dicam apud aures veſtras cum laude verſari, ſed cum aliquâ ſaltem patientiâ

patientiâ exaudiri posse videretur, illud profectò hodierno die mihi penè consecutus videor. Eorum enim hominum vultus intueor & sensus appello, quibus, tametsi munus & contentio dicendi tota est nostra, gratulatio tamen mecum pariter est communis. Neque profectò cuiquam vestrûm levius hoc aut incredibile videatur, si palàm profitebor, nobis quodammodo ex ipsâ ratione dicendi accedere quandam vim & ubertatem orationis. Nam cùm omnem ferè doctrinæ humanioris rationem & literarum aciem hebescere intelleximus, nisi adjungatur ornatus & cultura quædam liberalior, perfectum est summâ Academiæ fortunâ, bonorum omnium desiderio, Procancellarii optimi consiliis, laboribus & constantiâ singulari, ut Musas diuturno situ squalentes in nitorem, & munditiem dicam, an elegantiam? hodie vindicatas gratulemur. Non ampliùs intra barbaros penè parietes & iniquis occlusa spatiis versabitur acies ingenii. Vicit, vicit

cit hodierno die Academiæ fauſtitas, nos aliquando ſtudia, quæ privatim cum jucunditate recolimus, poſſe publicè cum dignitate profiteri.

Jam diu eſt quod Philoſophia cæteráque adeo optimarum artium ſtudia, excuſſâ illâ quæ per tot retro ſæcula inveteravit barbarie, cultiorem nacta ſint diſciplinam, & noſtrorum hominum ingeniis vindicata in ſempiternam famam & uberiorem uſuram latiùs emanaverint. Dolebat interea bonis omnibus Academiam ipſam, quæ tantæ cauſæ vindex eſſe potuit, deteriori uti fortunâ; & huic eam deeſſe culturam per quam eſt effectum ne cæteris omnino artibus deeſſet. Indigna nimirum & miſeranda ſanè conditio, Academiam, quæ foris & in acie cunctis facilè placebat, domi & in otio ſibi ſoli placere non potuiſſe; & uti eam præſertim tæderet privatæ fortunæ, cujus publicæ diſciplinæ pigebat neminem!

Hæc

Hæc fuit nobis domeſticarum rationum luctuoſa facies, cùm eum, quem Europa toties experta ſit vindicem, toties Britannia delicias compellavit, patronum nacta ſit Academia. Injurius eſſem & veſtræ virtuti graviſſimus, ſi eum ulteriùs nominarem, quem penè gratiſſima veſtra recordatio, præſentes Academiæ fortunæ, & hi ipſi parietes pleniùs & expreſſiùs quam Oratio noſtra deſignabit. Jam Ille qui toties ſaluti aliorum invigilaverit, ſuæ tandem gloriæ deeſſe noluit. Cui quoniam feliciori viâ conſulere non potuit, Academiæ proſpexit fortunis, & futuris literarum mœnibus literarium jecit fundamentum. Teſtor clariſſimum illud doctrinæ lumen pariter & hortamentum, inſtructiſſimam illam librorum copiam, quâ noſtrorum hominum ingenia eâdem operâ acuit & devinxit, & tot ſuæ memoriæ impreſſit veſtigia, tot vel privatæ gloriæ monumenta ſtruxit, quot ex uberrimo iſto diſciplinarum fonte vel univerſa

literarum

literarum Reſpublica ſperare poſſit ornamenta. Quid? annon incredibile prorſus & penè divinum iſtud beneficium prædicemus, quod non ſolùm vota exſuperavit, ſed penè facultatem capiendi? Noluit non ſolùm vulgari donandi ratione, verùm etiam noſtris parietibus ſuam contineri & terminari benevolentiam; & quanto illuſtriorem ſibi comparavit laudem ſuperiorum beneficia exſuperando, tanto difficilius reliquit poſterioribus negotium æquiparandi ſua.

AND now awhile let ſterner Science reſt,
While Verſe and Muſic hail the ſofter Gueſt:
To Beauty ſacred is the Chord and Song,
And Homage-Numbers ſpeak from whence they ſprung:
Theirs is the well-turn'd Verſe and glowing Note,
Whatever *Orpheus* ſwell'd, or *Prior* thought:

By them inſpir'd I draw th' advent'rous Line;
Theirs all its Graces, all the Failings mine.

LADIES! our homely Simile would ſay,
That by the Model of this ſingle Day,
The *gremial Doctor* ſhapes his awkward Way.
Rubs, frets, diſputes, and thinks his Compaſs thro',
Till fifty Winters mellow on his Brow.
His Noon of Life in rev'rend Slumber paſt,
His Ev'ning Soul to Love awakes at laſt:
The late, the cloſing Science is a Wife,
And Beauty only chears the Verge of Life.

Now will thoſe *Oxford* Wags be apt to ſneer
At theſe old-faſhion'd Tricks we practiſe here.
Thoſe enterprizing Clerks, I've heard them ſay,
Have found a better and a nearer Way:

Plato

ato with *Hymen* they have learnt to blend,
And joynture early —— on their Dividend.
There Marriage Deeds with Butt'ry-Books can vie,
They ſtorm and conquer, — whilſt We toaſt and ſigh.

LADIES! we own our elder Siſter's Merit,
The forward Girl had e'er a buſtling Spirit.
'Tis there Politeneſs ev'ry Genius fits,
Their *Heads* are Courtiers, and their *Squires* are Wits!
There Gentleman's a common Name to all,
From *Jeſus-College*, down to *New-Inn-Hall*:
'Tis theirs to ſoar above our humble Tribe,
That Think or Love as Statutes ſhall preſcribe:
They never felt a Fire they durſt not own,
Nor rhym'd nor languiſh'd for a *Fair Unknown*:
Nay Verſe, that earneſt Pleader with the Fair,
Has found a Portion and Profeſſor there.

Whilſt We our barren, widow'd Bays regret,
And *Cambridge* Muſes are but Spinſters yet.

By this plain Dealing will the Fair ones gueſs
Our clumſy Breeding, and our lame Addreſs.
'Tis true, our Courtſhip's homely, but ſincere,
And that's a Doctrine which you ſeldom hear.
Nay, I expect the *flatter'd* Fair will frown,
I ſee the Pinner o're the Shoulder thrown:
See every Feature glowing with Diſdain,
The awful Rap of the indignant Fan,
The Head unmindful of its Glories toſt,
And all the Buſineſs of the Morning loſt.

I hope the charge is not ſo gen'ral yet,
As no good-natur'd Comment to admit.
Pray, caſt your Eyes upon our Youth below,
And ſay what think you of our *purpled* Beau?

For if the Picture ben't exactly true,
The Thanks to white-glov'd *Trinity* are due.

WHAT tho' our *Johnian* plead but ſcanty Worth,
Cold and ungenial as his native North,
Who never taught the Virgin's Breaſt to glow,
Nor rais'd a Wiſh beyond what *Veſtals* know;
The *Jeſuit* cloiſter'd in his penſive Cell,
Where Vapours dark, with Contemplation dwell,
Dream out a Being to the World unknown,
And ſympathize with ev'ry changing Moon;
Tho' Politics engroſs the Sons of *Clare*,
Nor yields the State one Moment to the Fair;
Tho' *Bennet* mould in Indolence and Eaſe,
And Whiſk prolong the balmy Reſt of *Kay's*;
And one continu'd ſolemn Slumber reigns,

From untun'd *Sidney* to proteſting *Queen's*:

Yet,

Yet, O ye Fair! ——

Let this one dreſſing, dancing Race atone

For all the Follies of the pedant Gown.

The *Templar* need not bluſh for ſuch Allies,

Not jealous *Chriſt-Church* this Applauſe denies.

How ſleek their Looks! how undiſturb'd their Air,

By Midnight Vigils, or by Morning Pray'r!

No pale Reflection dares thoſe Cheeks invade,

No hectic Student ſcares the yielding Maid.

Long from thoſe Shades has learned Duſt retir'd,

And Toilets ſhine where Folio's once aſpir'd.

PASS but an Age —— perhaps thy Labour *, *Wren!*

Rear'd to the Muſe, diſplays a ſofter Scene.

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* *Trinity-College* Library built by Sir *Chriſtopher Wren.*

Polite

Polite Reformers! Luxury to ſee
The Pile ſtand ſacred, *Heidegger*, to Thee.
Where *Plato* undiſturb'd his Manſion keeps,
And *Homer* now paſt Contradiction ſleeps,
The Vizard Squire ſhall hear the Concert's Sound,
And Midnight Veſtals trip the meaſur'd Round.
I ſee the Claſſes into Side-boards flung,
And muſty *Codes* transform'd to modern Song.
The ſolemn Wax in gilded Sconces glare,
Where poring *Wormius* dangled once in Air.

Yet ſtill in Juſtice muſt it be confeſs'd,
You'll find ſome *modern* Scholars here at leaſt.
Profound Adepts, which *Gallia* never knew!
For who would ſeek Ambaſſadors in you?
An handſome Envoy is no Blunder yet,
A well-dreſs'd Member, or a Treaſ'ry Wit:

Toupees

Toupees in *Britain*'s Senate may have roſe,
But who e'er read of Ballance-holding Beaux?
For oh! unhappy to your powder'd Heads,
'Tis ſure that *Brancas* thinks, and *Fleury* reads.

'Tis yours in ſofter Science to excell,
To watch how Modes, not Empires, roſe and fell;
Preſcribe the haughty Prude a narrow'r Sphere,
And ſigh whole Years in Treaty with the Fair;
To parly Ages on a Snuff-Box Hinge,
And mark the Periods of the Bugle Fringe.

Memoirs like theſe, well gilded, may adorn
The Ebon Cabinet of Squires unborn;
With what ſerene Compoſure of the Brain
Shall future Beaux turn o'er the rich Remain?
The well-ſpelt Page perhaps with Rapture dwells
On *Pepys*' gilded Shew or *Woodward*'s Shells:

Important

Important Truths are couch'd in ev'ry Line;
What *Cambridge* Toaſt excell'd in Twenty nine,
What new Embroid'ry this Commencement grac'd,
And how Complexions alter'd ſince the laſt.
Ev'n *China* Nymphs ſhall live in Sonnet there,
Or *Polly Peachum* ſtroll'd to *Sturbridge* Fair.

Perhaps, tho' Schemes ill ſuit ſo ſoft a Pen,
The gilded Leaf ſome Secrets may contain:
What Show'r-drencht Sinner, reeling from the *Roſe*,
Did firſt the Hint of Hackney Chairs propoſe:
Who bade Sultana's claſp the well-ſhap'd Maid:
Who firſt projected *Cæſar*'s Cavalcade:
Who, fond of planting Opera Statutes here,
Struck out the modiſh Thought of ticketing the Fair.

The Moral of my Tale might fairly ſhew,
The Northern Vicar that commences now,

How *Alma Mater* better Days expects,
And Reformation thrives againſt the next.
But oh ill-fated Youth! he ſees the laſt,
And *Trent*, like *Styx*, for ever holds him faſt:
Before him flits the viſionary Scene,
He ſees *Commencements* riſe on ev'ry Green:
The red-rob'd Doctor ſtruts before his Eyes,
And Galleries of Southern Beauties riſe:
Then moulds his ſcanty *Latin*, and leſs *Greek*,
And *Hereboords* * his Pariſh once a Week.

PERHAPS, if Flames can glow beneath the Pole,
Some diſtant *Celia* fires his youthful Soul,
Proud to retail the little All he knew,
He vends his College Stock in *Billet doux*;

---

* *In quibuſdam Codd.* And *Harry Hills* his Pariſh once a Week.

Whate'er his Tutor taught his greener Age
Of Muſes breathing o'er the letter'd Page;
Whate'er our legendary Schools inſtill'd,
Of raptur'd Bards with holy Tranſports fill'd.
The Tale, ye Fair ones, with Diſtruſt ſurvey,
There's not one Word of Truth in all they ſay.

In Ledger Rolls indeed of antient Writ,
We find a *Grecian* Factory for Wit,
And muſty Records give ſome dark Account
Of one Director *Phœbus* of the Mount:
Nay from our Files I'll venture to ſupply ye
With ſeveral Bills endors'd by Banker *Clio*.
But whether Stocks declin'd, or Dealers broke,
The Trade is now an Errant *South-Sea* Joke;
For ſure the modern Bank of Love and Wit
Is what we Mortals mean by *Lombard-ſtreet*.

BUT more exalted Numbers wake the Chord,
And flying Sounds inform the melting Word;
Hear the glad String explain the Poet's Thought,
And GREEN expreſs how POPE with Juſtice wrote.

ODE

ODE
FOR
MUSIC
ON THE
Opening the new Regent Houſe at the Public Commencement at *Cambridge*, MDCCXXX.

I.

Oddeſs of the Brave and Wiſe,

On whoſe divided Empire wait

The martial Triumphs of the Great,

And

And all the tuneful Throng
That wake the vocal Chord, and ſhape the flying Song!
A while ſucceſſive to thy Truſt

Let BRITAIN's Genius, great and juſt,
The Fate of Empires guard:
A while let Arts, thy other Care,
To Toils of Glory be preferr'd;
And ſay, amidſt the Waſte of War,
Did ever to thy wondring Eyes,
A fairer Scene of Triumph riſe?
Then ſwell the Verſe, and let it be
Sacred to Science, Harmony, and Thee.

II.

Let widow'd Empires ſpeak thy ſterner Sway,
The mould'ring Arch, the Ruin large,
The Column faithleſs to its Charge,
And bitter Waſte that marks the Conqueror's Way:

But

But be thy ſofter, better Praiſe,
Be thine, and Music's Toil to raiſe;
To mend the Soul, and melt the Heart:
Music! the Founder Art,
Music! the Soul of Verſe, and Friend of Peace.

III.

Who was it pois'd the well-tun'd Spheres,
And led the Chorus of the circling Years,
When Chaos held diſtemper'd Sway,
And jarring Atoms, Cold and Heat,
The Light, the Grave, the Dry, the Wet,
In ſullen Diſcord lay?
'Twas Harmony, 'twas Builder Harmony:
'Twas Harmony compos'd this Concert Frame,
'Twas Harmony which upwards flung the active Flame,
Preſcrib'd the Air in middle Space to flow,
And bade the Wave and groſſer Earth ſubſide below.
Then all yon tuneful reſtleſs Choir

Began

Began their radiant Journeys to advance,
And with unerring Symphony to roll the central Dance.
Chor. Whilſt we the meaſur'd Song decree,
Builder Harmony, to thee,
Tune ev'ry Chord, and ev'ry Note inſpire.

IV.

But hark! *Amphion* ſhakes the yielding Strings,
And animated Rocks around him throng,
The Marble from his veiny Cavern ſprings,
The Flint forſakes his drowſy Cell,
And all obſequious to the potent Spell,
Hears the commanding Strings, and liſtens to the Song.
'Twas, *Cadmus*, thine the elder Fate
To mould the Infant growing State;
But *Dirce* ſtill laments the fenceleſs Shed,
Still *Thebes* inglorious rears her tow'rleſs Head.
There wants the vocal Patriot yet

To make thy Labours by his own compleat,
And fix the Warrior's and the Muſes Seat.

V.

Now by the ſweetly-plaintive Lute,
Warbling broken Faith and ſlighted Love:
By the ſprightly Violin and mellower Flute,
That teach the meaſur'd Dance to move:
By the hallow'd Fire
That ſhakes the Prophet's Harp, and ſtrings the Poet's (Lyre:
By the Trumpet's loud Alarms,
That rouze the Nations up to Arms:
By holy Strains that deep-mouth'd Organs blow,
To whom the pious Uſe is giv'n
To wing the ſilent glowing Vow,
And waft the raptur'd Saint to Heav'n:
Be, Music, thy peculiar Care
To ſhed thy choiceſt Bleſſings here;

Let ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace,
Soft-ſmiling Joy and roſy Peace,
And all the verdant, faithful Train,
That wait thy balmy, happy Reign,
With tuneful Seraphs guard the hallow'd Place.

VI.

So when at BRITAIN's wide Command,
The *Auſtrian* Eagle learns to fear,
The Pile to Thee ſhall ſacred ſtand,
Thy genial Empire founded here.
Then ev'ry Arch with faithful Verſe
Inſcrib'd, ſhall joyfully rehearſe
How *Granta*'s Arts with BRITAIN's Conqueſts ſwell:
Then thou beneath her guardian Wing,
To either Praiſe ſhalt tune the String,
And BRITAIN's Glories ſhall inform the Shell.

FINIS.

In a few Days will be Publiſh'd, by the ſame Author, Price 6d.

ORatio habita in Templo Beatæ Mariæ coram Academia Cantabrigienſi, die ſolenni Martyrii CAROLI primi Regis, A. D. MDCCXXX.

Londini Typis GUL. BOWYER jun. Proſtat venalis apud W. THURLBOURN *Cantabrigienſem*, R. CLEMENTS *Oxonienſem*, & Bibliopolas *Londinenſes*.